

5 O'CLOCK SPECIAL.

PRICE ONE CENT.

## WALL ST.

### STOCK REPORTS.

Bulls Take Hold and Elevate the Market To-Day.

The Street Now Reconciled to Big Gould Shipments.

Sugar Refineries Makes the Best Jump of the Day.

HE adoption of the Conference Committee report by the Senate was a godsend to the bulls to-day, and the little gain their opponents made near the close yesterday, the engagement of a million gold for shipment to Europe, was wiped out in the first half hour of trading. The street has made up its mind that more or less gold will have to be exported within the next thirty days or until matters quiet down in South America.

No two agree upon the amount of the precious metal to be forwarded, estimates running all the way from five to fifteen millions of dollars, according to how the guesser may be placed in the stock market.

At any rate, the Senate vote on the compromise silver measure is looked upon as a bull argument, so much so in fact that the engagement of an additional \$1,000,000 gold for export late today had no perceptible influence on stock prices.

The favorites were Lackawanna, Chicago and Eastern Illinois and Sugar Refineries certificates. The last named moved up steadily from 7 1/2 to 7 3/4 on good buying.

There is still an enormous stock interest outstanding and there will be some "fire works" when the outsiders who sold the stock short on the Court of Appeals decision attempt to cover.

The rise in the general market ranged from 1/4 to 1/2 percent. Sterling exchange was strong with nominal rates up to 4.55 and 4.56. The supply of bills is limited and further gold shipments are likely.

Total sales of listed stocks to-day 110,000 shares.

#### THE CLOSING QUOTATIONS.

Stock	High	Low	Close
Adams Express	25 1/2	25 1/4	25 1/2
Am. Sugar	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2
Am. Tobacco	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2
Am. Wool	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2
Am. Cotton	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2
Am. Lumber	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2
Am. Oil	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2
Am. Coal	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2
Am. Iron	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2
Am. Steel	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2
Am. Glass	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2
Am. Paper	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2
Am. Rubber	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2
Am. Leather	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2
Am. Hides	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2
Am. Wool	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2
Am. Cotton	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2
Am. Lumber	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2
Am. Oil	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2
Am. Coal	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2
Am. Iron	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2
Am. Steel	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2
Am. Glass	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2
Am. Paper	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2
Am. Rubber	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2
Am. Leather	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2
Am. Hides	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2

#### MINING STOCKS.

Stock	High	Low	Close
Am. Gold	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2
Am. Silver	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2
Am. Copper	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2
Am. Lead	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2
Am. Zinc	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2
Am. Iron	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2
Am. Steel	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2
Am. Glass	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2
Am. Paper	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2
Am. Rubber	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2
Am. Leather	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2
Am. Hides	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2

#### BILL NYE ON A FARM.

The genial singer visits Granger Jay Gould in the hay season. See Sunday's WORLD.

#### Club Standings This Morning.

Club	Wins	Losses	Games
Am. League	10	5	15
Nat. League	8	7	15
Am. Assoc.	12	3	15
Am. Ind.	9	6	15
Am. Col.	11	4	15
Am. W. L.	13	2	15

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, JULY 11, 1890.

5 O'CLOCK SPECIAL.

PRICE ONE CENT.

## RACING.

### AT BRIGHTON.

Rushlight, at 15 to 1, Started the Sport of the Day by Winning.

Big Crowd in Attendance.

Bessie K. Won the Second Event Very Easily from a Big Field.

#### THE MAD DOG SCARE.

As it is represented—

As it is.

rest of these cylinders (pointing to a row of five) "and has been in use some time."

"Could there have been any chance of its being defective?" he was asked.

"No, I think not," replied Mr. Moran. "Our cylinders are all tested and gauged."

On the outside of the building the sign reads: "Union Bottling Company, Mineral Waters, Belfast Ginger Ale, Cider, Porter, Ale and Lager."

"That was the old company," said Mr. Moran. "During the past year the business was incorporated under the present name of 'The Moran Bottling Company.'"

This is the first accident of the kind that has ever happened at this place.

A similar explosion occurred in a downtown factory some two years ago, but without fatal result.

The family lived over the bottling works. The accident occurred in the rear of the bottling works, where five gas generators were ranged along a rack of heavy timber.

It was the fifth and last of the generators that exploded.

The head was riveted to the cylinder by forty half-inch bolts. There was a charge in the cylinder for generating gas for plain soda. How much no one knows.

The cylinder itself rested against a window that had been boarded up.

It was shot out of that window in an area-way, tearing out the boarding like so much paper and carrying a section of the wall with it, which was of brick, three courses thick.

The coroner's autopsy shows that both Foreman Ackhardt and his son were dismembered by the flying fragments.

Frederick's flesh was terribly burned in many places, and he is in fearful agony in a darkened room in his mother's apartment. He will probably lose both his eyes, and may lose his life.

He is kept under the influence of opiates, but told how the accident occurred, bravely holding out in spite of his awful injuries.

When the explosion occurred, there were workmen on the front part of the building, and Mrs. Ackhardt at her morning duties on the floor above.

The room where the fatality occurred is an addition to the building, and there is a window in Mrs. Ackhardt's kitchen which lets out into this room.

Hearing the report of the explosion followed by screams of agony from Freddie the good woman rushed to the window and, looking down into the workroom, beheld her husband still and motionless half buried under debris, while her two sons were writhing in awful agony.

The sight paralyzed her, and she fell to the floor, where she was found when a workman went up to tell her of the calamity that had befallen her.

Mrs. Ackhardt, a matron past middle age, is literally crazed by the horrible misfortune that has befallen her family.

She walks from room to room taking garbly and incessantly about her dead husband and her orphaned children.

So out of reason is she that when at a little before 12 o'clock a messenger brought the intelligence that her boy, Christie Ackhardt, Jr., was dead, she made no sign of emotion, only crying out: "My God! Christie, too!"

Kind neighbors have come to the side of the distracted wife and mother in her hour of distress, and kind words and kind hands are doing what they can to assuage her grief.

The Ackhardts were very poor, Christie was a tall, black-haired man, not of strong physique.

There were six children. Of these Raymond is thirteen years old, Lillie fifteen, Charlie seven and Maud, a baby of two and a half years.

Added to the natural horrors of the fatality there is starvation staring the widow and her orphans in the face.

Undertaker Leary took charge of the remains at the request of some of the neighbors, and the body of the father has been laid out, it rests on a stretcher in the scantily furnished parlor of the poor apartment.

It is a poor broken and broken body, and the face is seared and cut and blackened in places, but the grief-stricken widow now and again lifts the cloth that hides it, and passing a loving hand over the face, she murmurs: "Poor Christie, poor husband. You were terribly hurt, poor dear."

Then she bends and kisses the cold brow, softly returns the cloth to its place and resumes her pining up and down, evidently quite distraught and out of her wits.

Now and then some of the neighborhood softly enters, and in awe-stricken tones asks about Freddie and says a kind, thoughtful word of young Christie, for the Ackhardt boys were good boys and popular in the neighborhood.

The mother talks freely to all, but talks like one who is crazed and cannot understand the situation.

Mrs. Ackhardt paused in one of her fits of walking directly in front of an Evening World reporter, and looking up into his eyes, asked: "When is my boy Christie coming home?" Then, as if recalling she added: "Oh yes, I forgot Christie is dead at the hospital."

One of the ladies present, taking the reporter aside, said: "The Evening World is always doing noble work for the poor and unfortunate. Now this poor woman when she returns to reason, will return to a realization that she is reduced to a poverty more appalling than she ever knew."

"If THE EVENING WORLD would say one little word for her I know that its generous hearted readers, and that means almost everybody, would not see her and her helpless children suffer."

#### CUSTOMS OFFICERS' BIG HAUL.

A Miscellaneous Lot of Smuggled Goods Seized on the Alasia.

A big haul was made by Custom Inspectors this morning from the Fabre line steamship Alasia, which arrived Wednesday.

A search of the vessel resulted in the discovery of three valuable overcoats, eight pairs of scarves and four bottles of wine concealed in Chief Officer Bouillon's room.

The goods were addressed to a priest in the State of Washington, who the chief officer said was his brother-in-law.

In other portions of the vessel the officers found the following articles which were not on the manifest:

Three pairs of children's shoes, two children's suits, four bottles of liquor, one package of soap, two light gray parasols, two umbrellas, one suit of white, artificial flowers, ten and three-quarter yards of blue, green and red velvet, a can of olive oil, four medals, two scarfs, three handkerchiefs, a package of religious cards, a toy, a cross of medals, and a keg of liquor.

Articles were removed to the seizure room.

Strikes by Strikers.

Cloak-Cutters and Cloak-Makers to Play Baseball.

Nines from the Cloak-Cutters and the Cloak-Makers' Union will play a match game of ball at Brotherhood Park to-morrow afternoon.

Admission will be charged and the proceeds will be distributed among the striking cloak-makers.

Texas's Wanderer Claimed by His Aunt.

John R. Stader, the thirteen-year-old boy who traveled all the way from Texas on 35 cents to find his aunt, and who arrived at Police Headquarters Tuesday, was claimed today by his aunt, Mrs. Canine, North of Clinton, Iowa. The boy left for his home.

Kind neighbors have come to the side of the distracted wife and mother in her hour of distress, and kind words and kind hands are doing what they can to assuage her grief.

The Ackhardts were very poor, Christie was a tall, black-haired man, not of strong physique.

There were six children. Of these Raymond is thirteen years old, Lillie fifteen, Charlie seven and Maud, a baby of two and a half years.

Added to the natural horrors of the fatality there is starvation staring the widow and her orphans in the face.

Undertaker Leary took charge of the remains at the request of some of the neighbors, and the body of the father has been laid out, it rests on a stretcher in the scantily furnished parlor of the poor apartment.

It is a poor broken and broken body, and the face is seared and cut and blackened in places, but the grief-stricken widow now and again lifts the cloth that hides it, and passing a loving hand over the face, she murmurs: "Poor Christie, poor husband. You were terribly hurt, poor dear."

Then she bends and kisses the cold brow, softly returns the cloth to its place and resumes her pining up and down, evidently quite distraught and out of her wits.

Now and then some of the neighborhood softly enters, and in awe-stricken tones asks about Freddie and says a kind, thoughtful word of young Christie, for the Ackhardt boys were good boys and popular in the neighborhood.

The mother talks freely to all, but talks like one who is crazed and cannot understand the situation.

Mrs. Ackhardt paused in one of her fits of walking directly in front of an Evening World reporter, and looking up into his eyes, asked: "When is my boy Christie coming home?" Then, as if recalling she added: "Oh yes, I forgot Christie is dead at the hospital."

#### FOREIGN NEWS BY CABLE.

Stanley's Illness May Necessitate Postponing His Wedding.

The Pope's Ill Health. More of the Postmen's Strike.

The Precarious Health of the Pope.

The London Postmen's Union Calls for a General Strike.

A German Lieutenant Degraded for Cruelty to a Private.

A Fire-Eating Performer Electrocuted Himself.

Says the Emperor Was Coolly Received in Denmark.

An Engineer's Device for Making Paris a Seaport.

Seven Lives Lost in the Burning of a Russian Village.

Explosion in William Street.

Escaping Gas from an Excavation Ignited by a Cigar.

The Ears of Criminals.

Who Gave the Pool-Rooms the Tip?

Chapter of the Great Composite Novel, now running in THE EVENING WORLD, will appear to-morrow. The synopsis will enable you to begin the story to-day.

Rockwell's Brand.

Franklin, N.Y. and House-Wares. It is the best for use on all building work.

#### BLOWN TO DEATH.

Two Men Killed in a Harlem Soda Water Factory Explosion.

A Third Injured by Flying Vitriol and Their Mother Gone Insane.

Awful Results of Overcharging a Carbonic Gas Cylinder.

A terrible explosion occurred in a soda-water factory in Harlem this morning, killing two men and seriously injuring another.

The victims were: Foreman CHRISTIE ACKHARDT, killed. CHRISTIE ACKHARDT, Jr., his son, killed. FRED ACKHARDT, injured by flying vitriol.

The disaster occurred in the factory of the Moran Bottling Company, 110 East One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street, at 7.40 o'clock this morning.

At that hour the workmen heard a heavy explosion, which shook the building from cellar to roof and shattered the western wall.

They ran into the rear room on the first floor, and there found foreman Christie Ackhardt lying dead on the floor and his son, Christie Ackhardt, Jr., dying beside him.

The father's body was terribly mutilated and blackened by acid. He must have been killed instantly.

The interior of the building was badly wrecked, and every pane of glass was smashed.

The floor was strewn with marble dust used in the manufacture of carbonic acid gas. The gas is used in preparing for the market beer, porter, ginger ale and mineral waters.

The supposition is that Foreman Ackhardt was at work generating gas for the soda-water. This is done by pouring acid into a cylinder in which there is chalk. The acid, consuming the chalk, develops the carbonic acid gas which is used in soda-water. Both of his boys were assisting him and the work was progressing satisfactorily.

Suddenly the imprisoned gas became too strong for the confining cylinder and it exploded.

Bits of the iron cylinder were thrown up with terrific force. The father was struck in several places and killed. He was also frightfully burned by the acid, which flew in all directions.

The body was thrown several feet from the spot where he was standing. His clothes were almost torn from his body and both arms were broken. His features could hardly be recognized when he was picked up.

The boys were found some distance away from the place where the generator stood. They were both on the floor, groaning and writhing with the torture of the burning acid, which was plentifully sprinkled over them.

Their injuries are caused almost entirely by the acid, as they were out of the range of the flying bits of broken cylinder.

Foreman Ackhardt had been in the employ of the company for over twenty years. He had charge of the six great brass cylinders called generators. He looked after the gauges which indicated the pressure of the gas.

One of the cylinder heads, about two feet in diameter, had been blown from the stout copper fastenings, laying low the unfortunate father and son.

As soon as the workmen recovered their senses they carried the foreman's body into the office and sent for a doctor, but it was too late. Ackhardt had been dead some minutes before the call was sent out.

His son, though bleeding and unconscious, still breathed.

He was sent at once to the Harlem Hospital, where he expired a few minutes before 10 o'clock.

Ackhardt had the reputation of being a careful workman. It is thought that long familiarity with the generator had made him careless. The cylinder which exploded is believed to have sustained a pressure of 175 pounds.

The force of the explosion blew a hole in the west side of the building about 9 feet high and 3 wide.

Frederick Ackhardt, twenty-one years old also a son of the foreman, was injured about the eyes by flying vitriol. He was taken to the desolate home upstairs.

The dead foreman was fifty-two years old and young Christie was eighteen.

Mr. Isaac A. Moran, the President of the Company, was seen at the factory after the disaster.

"All I can say is," said Mr. Moran, "that, although Ackhardt has been in our employ over twenty years he was probably preoccupied about the amount of pressure the cylinder could bear. This, too, you can see" (pointing to the burst head) "was studded with copper rivets and was made as fast as it could be made. It was exactly like the

#### THE MAD DOG SCARE.

As it is represented—

As it is.

rest of these cylinders (pointing to a row of five) "and has been in use some time."

"Could there have been any chance of its being defective?" he was asked.

"No, I think not," replied Mr. Moran. "Our cylinders are all tested and gauged."

On the outside of the building the sign reads: "Union Bottling Company, Mineral Waters, Belfast Ginger Ale, Cider, Porter, Ale and Lager."

"That was the old company," said Mr. Moran. "During the past year the business was incorporated under the present name of 'The Moran Bottling Company.'"

This is the first accident of the kind that has ever happened at this place.

A similar explosion occurred in a downtown factory some two years ago, but without fatal result.

The family lived over the bottling works. The accident occurred in the rear of the bottling works, where five gas generators were ranged along a rack of heavy timber.

It was the fifth and last of the generators that exploded.

The head was riveted to the cylinder by forty half-inch bolts. There was a charge in the cylinder for generating gas for plain soda. How much no one knows.

The cylinder itself rested against a window that had been boarded up.

It was shot out of that window in an area-way, tearing out the boarding like so much paper and carrying a section of the wall with it, which was of brick, three courses thick.

The coroner's autopsy shows that both Foreman Ackhardt and his son were dismembered by the flying fragments.

Frederick's flesh was terribly burned in many places, and he is in fearful agony in a darkened room in his mother's apartment. He will probably lose both his eyes, and may lose his life.

He is kept under the influence of opiates, but told how the accident occurred, bravely holding out in spite of his awful injuries.

When the explosion occurred, there were workmen on the front part of the building, and Mrs. Ackhardt at her morning duties on the floor above.

The room where the fatality occurred is an addition to the building, and there is a window in Mrs. Ackhardt's kitchen which lets out into this room.

Hearing the report of the explosion followed by screams of agony from Freddie the good woman rushed to the window and, looking down into the workroom, beheld her husband still and motionless half buried under debris, while her two sons were writhing in awful agony.

The sight paralyzed her, and she fell to the floor, where she was found when a workman went up to tell her of the calamity that had befallen her.

Mrs. Ackhardt, a matron past middle age, is literally crazed by the horrible misfortune that has befallen her family.

She walks from room to room taking garbly and incessantly about her dead husband and her orphaned children.

So out of reason is she that when at a little before 12 o'clock a messenger brought the intelligence that her boy, Christie Ackhardt, Jr., was dead, she made no sign of emotion, only crying out: "My God! Christie, too!"

Kind neighbors have come to the side of the distracted wife and mother in her hour of distress, and kind words and kind hands are doing what they can to assuage her grief.

The Ackhardts were very poor, Christie was a tall, black-haired man, not of strong physique.

There were six children. Of these Raymond is thirteen years old, Lillie fifteen, Charlie seven and Maud, a baby of two and a half years.

Added to the natural horrors of the fatality there is starvation staring the widow and her orphans in the face.

Undertaker Leary took charge of the remains at the request of some of the neighbors, and the body of the father has been laid out, it rests on a stretcher in the scantily furnished parlor of the poor apartment.

It is a poor broken and broken body, and the face is seared and cut and blackened in places, but the grief-stricken widow now and again lifts the cloth that hides it, and passing a loving hand over the face, she murmurs: "Poor Christie, poor husband. You were terribly hurt, poor dear."

Then she bends and kisses the cold brow, softly returns the cloth to its place and resumes her pining up and down, evidently quite distraught and out of her wits.

Now and then some of the neighborhood softly enters, and in awe-stricken tones asks about Freddie and says a kind, thoughtful word of young Christie, for the Ackhardt boys were good boys and popular in the neighborhood.

The mother talks freely to all, but talks like one who is crazed and cannot understand the situation.

Mrs. Ackhardt paused in one of her fits of walking directly in front of an Evening World reporter, and looking up into his eyes, asked: "When is my boy Christie coming home?" Then, as if recalling she added: "Oh yes, I forgot Christie is dead at the hospital."

One of the ladies present, taking the reporter aside, said: "The Evening World is always doing noble work for the poor and unfortunate. Now this poor woman when she returns to reason, will return to a realization that she is reduced to a poverty more appalling than she ever knew."

"If THE EVENING WORLD would say one little word for her I know that its generous hearted readers, and that means almost everybody, would not see her and her helpless children suffer."

The Race—Houston led to the head of the stretch, where he quit, and Prince Howard won by a length from the Alasia dilly who